THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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GREAT BEND. - - - - KANSAS.

HIS WIFE.

I can not touch his cheek,
Nor ruffle with a loving breath his hair;
I look into his eyes and hear him speak—
He never knows that I am there!
Oh, if my darling would but only know
That day and night, through all his weary life,
I, whom he loved in the years long ago,
Am with him still—his wife!

I watch him at his task,
When the broad sunbeams first light up his room;
I watch him till the evening lays her mask
Upon the face of Day; and in the gloom
He lays his pencil down and silent sits,
And leans his chin upon his hand and sighs:
How well I know what memory round him flits!
I read it in his eyes.

And when his pencil's skill
Has sometimes wrought a touch of happy art,
I see his face with sudden gladness fill;
I see him turn with eager lips apart,
To bid me come and welcome his success;
And then he droops and throws his brush aside;
Oh, if my darling then could only guess
That she is near who died!

Sometimes I fancy, too,
That he does dimly know it—that he feels
Some influence of love pass thrilling through
Death's prison bars, the spirit's bonds and seals;
Some dear companionship around him still;
Some whispered blessing, faintly breathed caress,
The pressure of a love no death can kill
Brightening his loneliness.

Ah, but it can not be!
The dead are with the living—I am here;
But he, my living love, he can not see
His dead wife, though she cling to him so near.
I seek his eyes; I press against his cheek;
I hear him breathe my name in wailing tone—
He calls me, calls his wife; I can not speak—
He thinks he is alone.

This is the bitterness of death;
To know he loves me, pines and yearns for me;
To see him, still be near him, feel his breath
Fan my sad cheek, and yet I am not free
To bid him feel, by any faintest touch,
That she who never left his side in life—
She who so loved him, whom he loved so much—
Is with him still his wife.

—*Justin McCarthy.*

Adventures of Tad;

— OR THE —

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,

AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT TO SEA," "PAUL GRAFTON," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

TAD.

T was near the close of a blustering March day, and the seats about the big cylinder stove in the waiting-room of the Broad Street station in the city of Philadelphia were in great demand. One of them was occupied by Tad Thorne, who, though he had no business there, was enjoying the warmth as only a small, fourteen-year-old boy can do, after being all day in the city streets crying parlor matches at three cents per box—"two for five."

Tad's enjoyment was tempered by a little mental worry, as a matter of course. Nobody is entirely happy in this world, and as he warmed himself Tad was obliged to keep a watchful eye on the door of the porter's room opposite. It was the duty of that colored functionary to assist tramps and vagrant boys from the waiting-room, with scant ceremony. "Last night he said he'd bounce me if he caught me here again," mused Tad, advancing first one patched shoe and then the other toward the stove, "but I shouldn't think the corporation would grudge what little fire it takes to warm *me*."

For a time Tad remained in undisturbed comfort. So many persons were constantly coming and going that no one took particular notice of the thinly-dressed, pale-faced lad who occasionally stretched his fingers caressingly toward the glowing coals.

"It's the first time I've been warm clear through since last August—I wish't I could hold heat like a hot brick does," Tad soliloquized, as with an involuntary shiver he thought of having to start out in the chilly air again.

"Is there no other place where you can go and warm yourself, besides a waiting-room only intended for the-er—patrons of the railroad?" asked a tall, aristocratic-looking gentleman, with iron-gray hair, and a very dignified manner, who occupied the next seat to the one in which Tad was sitting. He spoke severely and frowned at Tad, as though the boy's presence annoyed him.

If his address had been more kindly, Tad's reply would have been more respectful. As it was, Tad scowled a little.

"There's places enough, I s'pose—only they don't happen to 'low boys who hasn't any business there, round—specially if they ain't dressed any better'n I am," he answered, sullenly, glancing involuntarily down at himself as he spoke. The tall man muttered something about "confounded nuisance," but made no further reply. And as he rose, giving a nervous glance at the clock, Tad noticed that he wore a long gray ulster, over a very nice suit of clothes, while at one side of the seat he had vacated lay his traveling rug in a shawl-strap, and a small alligator-skin sachel with nickel-plate mountings.

Tad was wondering within himself whether he ever knew what it was to be homeless, cold and hungry when he was a boy, when his meditations were disturbed by the violent ringing of a hand-bell, accompanied by the hoarse voice of one of the railroad officials calling out something, of which the words "express" and "passengers" were alone intelligible to Tad's ear. This was followed by the usual frantic rush toward the great swing doors leading into the depot. The tall gentleman sprang nervously to his feet, and, snatching up his traveling rug, shot through the doorway as though he had but five seconds in which to board a train that did not start for ten minutes, schedule time. "Hi, there!" cried Tad after him, "you've left your little sachel!" but the gentleman was beyond call. So, seizing the hand-bag from the next seat, Tad elbowed his way through the throng, into the depot, in hot pursuit of him of the flowing ulster.

Just inside the swing doors stood a policeman of imposing presence. He was a large fat man but extremely zealous, and his professional instincts were at once roused at the sight of a shabbily-dressed boy dodging in and out of the crowd, with a nickel-plated alligator-skin sachel in his hand. Stepping hastily forward he laid a heavy hand on Tad's shoulder.

Now, after the manner of his kind, Tad regarded all policemen as natural foes to be feared—and, as far as possible, avoided. So, no sooner did he recognize the dreaded touch than, slipping eel-like from his would-be captor's grasp, Tad, with an inarticulate cry of terror, dove directly under the wheels of the nearest train.

The cars were at a stand-still, of course, but had they been in motion, I am not so sure but Tad would have acted exactly the same, so great was his fear of arrest. True, in theory, conscious innocence is generally supposed to show a bold front, but unfortunately this is not always the case in practice, particularly in an issue between a big policeman and a small boy.

Tad emerged on the opposite side of the track, with the encouraging cry of "Stop, thief!" ringing in his ears, just in time to confront the blue-coated official, who, in some inexplicable way, had reached the spot as quickly as himself.

"There he is!" shouted a young man, whom Tad had noticed in the waiting-room a little before, and, hesitating for a brief second, the hunted lad, who still clung to the cause of his trouble, sprang upon the platform of a parlor-car attached to the waiting train. Flinging open the door, he darted in, meaning, if possible, to pass through to the other end, where, slipping off, he hoped to be able to lose himself in the crowd.

Vain hope! As he hurried between the rows of as yet unoccupied chairs, the rattle of the conductor's key was heard in the rear door at which he was hoping to escape, while the shuffle of feet, and sound of voices, at the door which he had entered, told Tad that he was fairly trapped.

Glancing despairingly about him, Tad's quick eye discovered at least a temporary hiding-place. Dropping on his knees, he crawled behind the nearest of the revolving chairs, which, fortunately for him, was the one next the door of entrance. Concealed by its arching back, Tad made himself as small as possible in the angle formed by the end of the compartment and side of the car, where he awaited the result in fear and trembling.

He heard the sound of masculine feet and the rustle of silken skirts, blended with a subdued murmur of voices as the parlor-car began to fill up. A rather stout lady, richly dressed, paused beside the chair behind which Tad was hidden.

"It is so warm here, John, I shall not need to keep on my circular," she said, in a somewhat languid tone. Tad could not distinctly see the person thus addressed, but by the way he threw himself into the chair and immediately unfolded a newspaper, from behind which he vouchsafed a brief grunt in reply, Tad imagined him to be the lady's husband.

Suspending her heavy, fur-lined cloak from a hook at the compartment end, the lady patted and pulled its long folds into place behind the chair-back, and for a moment Tad's heart almost stopped beating, as her gloved fingers once or twice actually grazed his hair.

But he remained undiscovered, and, better still, the sheltering garment helped to hide him more effectually

FOR A TIME TAD REMAINED IN UNDISTURBED COMFORT.

than before, and, as its owner seated herself with a little sigh of relief, Tad chuckled gleefully as he heard the receding tread of the big policeman, who, after casting a comprehensive glance about the car, was obliged to beat a hasty retreat—because—

The cars were in motion! In his excitement the possibility of such a contingency had entirely escaped Tad's mind. He was almost on the point of scrambling to his feet and calling out to the conductor to stop the train, but, remembering the unpleasant results which would probably follow such a procedure, Tad sank helplessly back into his niche. He felt as though the chances were that the conductor would not believe his story, and he would probably be given into custody—bag and baggage—at the next station. So, of two evils, he chose the one which seemed the least, comforting himself with the assurance that the train would probably arrive at its destination very soon, when he could slip off unobserved. The voice of Tad's lady—as he mentally termed her—disturbed his perplexed reverie.

"What time do we get in, John, dear?" she asked, as she settled her feet on the comfortable hassock.

From behind his paper "John, dear," was understood to mutter that, provided the train didn't run off the track or over an embankment, they were due about eight a. m. on the following morning in the city of Boston!

"*Boston*, oh gimminy crickets! I have been and gone and done it now!" gasped poor Tad, who in moments of excitement was apt to use language which at other times he rather prided himself on avoiding, because his mother used to dislike it so. Tad had a vague impression that Boston was a sort of large country town in a far-off region known as "down East." Further than this he knew not, except that it was sometimes called the "Hub," and seemed to be a sort of headquarters for culture—whatever that was—and baked beans. At least so he read in the city papers.

But, in his small way, Tad was something of a philosopher. He had not yet learned that through seeming misfortunes the great Fatherhood leads His children in just the way that proves best in the end—this knowledge was to come. All he could do was to keep from useless fretting, and accept the situation as coolly as possible. Therefore, settling down as comfortably as he could, Tad gave himself up to hard thinking, and, quite naturally, his mind went backward as well as forward.

Tad's father had been a soldier in the regular army; and when, a few months before, the news had arrived that he was killed in a skirmish with the Indians on the frontier, his mother, never very strong, had seemed to receive her own death-blow. She grew paler and thinner, till at length she had to give up work, from lack of strength to run her sewing-machine, which helped to earn their daily bread. And finally, when the end came, the sale of the sewing-machine itself, together with their scanty stock of furniture, barely sufficed to pay the poor woman's burial expenses. It is a common story enough. Hundreds of broken-hearted, overworked, half-starved women all over the land have lived and died after the same fashion, and will till the millennium comes. Yet this fact does not comfort the orphans they leave behind them. Certainly, it was no comfort to Tad, who was nearly wild with grief at the loss of the one being whom he had to love in the wide world. Only for things that his mother said to him before she fell asleep, I fear Tad would have drifted into the ways of too many of our city boys who, like him, are left homeless and friendless amid temptation and sin. But the boy had good stuff in him, and, best of all, he held his mother's memory and parting words as something too sacred to be forgotten. I do not claim that he was one of those immaculate street boys common enough in fiction, but, alas! so rare in fact. By no means. Truth compels me to state that Tad Thorne at the age of fourteen was rather rude in speech, quick-tempered and the owner of a decidedly obstinate disposition, which, however, was readily affected by kindly words. Yet, do you wonder at his faults? The only wonder to myself is that Tad did not become a really bad boy; for since his mother's death he had, as one may say, almost lived in the streets. For Tad had no home. A friendly newsvender gave him lodgings under his periodical counter in the city post-office, in return for which Tad sold papers or ran errands. And in odd moments he had managed to keep soul and body together by blacking boots, peddling matches, carrying valises, holding horses, and a score of other devices known to the average street boy.

I have mentioned Tad's faults; now let me tell you some of his better qualities. He was honest, clean-mouthed, and, generally speaking, truthful, as well as kind-hearted and generous to an extravagant degree. He had attended the night schools—attracted at first by their warmth and comfort—where he learned to read creditably, spell fairly, write legibly and cipher understandingly. But, with his superiority in many respects over the associates among whom his lot of late had been thrown, Tad, in thinking matters over, had to confess that, in a business point of view, he had been any thing but a success. The truth is, Tad was not sharp or unscrupulous enough to compete with his fellows; but this fact he did not recognize.

"I guess I'm not one of the lucky ones," he murmured, rather ruefully as he mentally reviewed his many business failures, while the swift train, which was bearing him away from the scene of them all, to fresh fields and pastures new, went thundering on through the darkness toward Boston.

Boston! As Tad's thoughts reverted from the past, the name repeated itself over in his mind. "Seems as though I heard mother say once that I had an Aunt Rhoda who lived in Boston, or Bangor, or—anyway, it was a place that began with B, somewhere 'down East,'" mused Tad. Not that he hoped, expected or even desired to meet this, the only relative he knew of in the world. It was enough to remember that she had never held communication with Mrs. Thorne since her marriage to some one whom her older sister Rhoda did not like. And a slight offered to his mother was in Tad's eyes an unpardonable offense.

But so much thinking, together with the warmth of the steam-heating pipes at his back and the even, on-rushing movement of the train, began to make Tad drowsy. Peeping out of his hiding-place, he could see that many of the passengers were disposing themselves for uneasy slumber, and, judging by certain sounds from the chair in front of him, Tad's lady was already in dreamland. So, leaning his head back against the fur-lined cloak which had already served him such a good turn, and, being used to sleeping in all sorts of postures and places, Tad fell fast asleep in no time. Rousing himself at intervals long enough to silently change his cramped position, Tad passed the long night in comparative comfort, until with the dawn of morning all began to shake off their drowsiness, and to struggle into more comfortable positions, as they grumbled about not having slept a wink during the night.

Tad's lady was not exactly cross, but Tad noticed that she called her husband Mr. Mason, instead of "John, dear," as on the evening before, when she asked him how he had rested. And he also noticed that Mr. Mason's voice was rather sharp as he replied that the confounded chair had given him three distinct kinks in his backbone, and while economy was well enough in its place, by George! another time he'd have his own way, and take a section in a "sleeper," as sure as his name was John Mason!

"So, my lady is 'Mrs. John Mason,'" Tad thought to himself, trying in his imagination to picture her face from the sound of her voice, and failing entirely. But without well knowing why, he resolved not to forget the name of the lady who—as he mentally expressed it—"belonged to the fur-lined cloak." Other and less pleasant thoughts began to obtrude themselves, as the morning wore on. Now that he was so near his destination, Tad's growing anxiety as to his future movements contrasted rather strongly with his philosophy of the previous evening.

"I'll get something to eat, first of all," finally decided Tad, resolving not to lay any plans till this important duty had been performed. He had a cash capital of ten cents, together with two boxes of matches as a balance of stock in trade, so that he felt sure of a breakfast—not a luxurious one, it is true—but, like a stale bun, very filling for the price.

Besides, there was the sachel—he could readily raise something on it at the pawnbroker's. "But that don't seem to be doing the square thing by the high-toned old party, after all," mused Tad, thoughtfully; "for even if I don't ever run across him again—which the needle-in-the-haystack business isn't a circumstance to the chances of doing—the bag isn't mine, after all. I wonder what's inside," he continued, curiously, as he lifted it to his lap—"a box of paper collars, and a tooth-brush, or a lot of thousan'-dollar bonds?" But his newly-awakened curiosity remained ungratified. The sachel was securely locked, and its peculiarly-shaped key was probably at that moment in the tall gentleman's pocket, wherever the individual himself might be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Manuscripts and Signatures of Famous Men Sold at Auction.

At a sale of autographs in Berlin the highest figures were paid for those of Richard Wagner. An essay by Wagner on Meyerbeer, only recently brought to light, in which high praise of the composer of "The Huguenots!" is expressed, sold for 640 marks, and another composition by Wagner brought 960 marks. A letter from Wagner to Heinrich Laube (Paris, March 13, 1841), was sold for 91 marks, one to Meyerbeer for 71 marks, and another to the director of the Prague Conservatorium for 116 marks. A fragment of the diary kept by Wagner in Paris containing a poem sold for 115 marks. Of musical manuscripts, two of Chopin's polonaises went for 400 marks. A letter of Beethoven, dated Vienna, September 29, 1816, sold for 200 marks, and one of Joseph Haydn, dated Esteras, October 10, 1785, for 225 marks, while Robert Schumann's M.S. of "Four marches for the pianoforte" brought 190 marks. An interesting collection of twenty-four letters written by the philosopher, A. Schopenhauer, and dated July 16, 1885—August 18, 1860, sold for 500 marks. A letter from Schiller (Dresden, February 13, 1786) to the bookseller Goschen sold for 115 marks. An autograph of J. S. Bach sold for 936 marks, and one of Mozart (aria for soprano, "Conservati Fideles," with accompaniment for two violins, viola and bass, 1765, composed by Mozart at nine years) for 119 marks; another musical autograph of the same composer fetching 200 marks. A letter of Voltaire sold for 64 marks, and the MS. of a composition by Cherubini for 83 marks.—*N. Y. Post*

"Pa," said little Johnny McSwilligan, "here's a piece in the paper about 'Parasites,' what are they?" "Parasites, my boy, are people who live in Paris. I think you ought to know that, and you in the Third Reader."—*Tid-Bits.*

—A Schuyler (Neb.), farmer sent East for a hundred cats and turned them out to find homes for themselves.—*Boston Journal.*

—Comotoloccohiah is the longest word in the Seminole language. It means pindar, a ground-nut.

GERMANS IN LONDON.

Origin of the Modern Teutonic Colony in the English Capital.

There was a grain of truth in the jesting expression of a German resident: "There is still a big lot of English in London." A German writer was more justified in saying this than any other foreigner would have been, for by far the larger portion of the foreign element present in London is recruited from the "Fatherland." The proportion is so high as to be usually estimated at not less than six-sevenths. Whereas the other foreign colonies in London are more or less limited to certain quarters, the Germans are distributed all over the colossal city. According to some their number is 35,000, others make it 70,000; a third estimate even doubles this last calculation; but throughout England there can hardly be fewer than a quarter of a million, if we include the German-speaking Austrians and Swiss. It may therefore be fairly asserted that the German colony in England is, after that of North America, the largest German group in any extra-German state * * * The modern German colony of London owes its origin and its extraordinary spread in great part to the fact that Queen Victoria, herself the scion of a German dynasty like her predecessor Anne, chose a German Prince for her husband. Albert brought over many of his countrymen, directly and indirectly. He was the means of introducing a wider extension of the German language among his adopted countrymen, and bringing the German name in better odor. It is to him and to the events of 1870 and 1871, as well as to the patriotic effort of Kinkel, Karl Blind, Freiligrath, and many others, that the Germans settled in England feel themselves to be Germans *avant tout*. Once a man emigrates his nationality is, as a rule, endangered; the German emigrant especially is usually in a great hurry to throw off the old Adam and identify himself with his new surroundings. It is this very adaptability which has much to do with the success which generally attends his settlement in foreign countries. The London Germans, however, as a whole, do not prove recreants to their origin, and have even taken many energetic measures to assert their German nationality, which they have generally succeeded in maintaining intact. They take lively interest in the moral and intellectual efforts and in the political life of their Fatherland. This was shown conspicuously, *inter alia*, on the occasion of the Schiller festival in 1859, during the last Franco-German war, in the Schleswig-Holstein affair, etc.—*Nineteenth Century.*

TYPE-WRITER INK.

How to Operate the Machine so as to Secure Permanent Impressions.

The recent articles in regard to documents at Washington, prepared by a type-writer, in which the ink either faded or corroded the paper, have created a distinct sensation among the manufacturers and users of these machines.

The matter is of wide-spread interest. Many wills are prepared by a type-writer, and legal documents are now extensively written with the same machine. There are between 40,000 and 50,000 type-writers in use in this country, aside from the multitude of toy machines. They are used by the legal business houses and corporations, and for the most important writing which is being done. The durability of the work is of high importance, and the desire that these people may know what they may rely upon to give permanent results has led to a great deal of discussion.

Manufacturers state that the trouble at Washington arose from using inks which were not properly chosen for permanency. It is stated that for writing of contracts, deeds, wills and other legal papers, ribbons called black record ribbons should be used. The ink on these ribbons is made from lamp-black and is indestructible. For correspondence and any other work from which press copies need to be taken, ribbons which are called indelible copying ribbons should be used. These ribbons give an original proof which is permanent, and the press copy made from the proof is also permanent. These ribbons have been tested by chemists in this city, who have reported that the work of them will last as long as the paper on which the writing is done; and the examiner of the chemical division of the United States Patent Office, who recently investigated the subject at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, has stated that the work of the record ribbons and the indelible ribbons is permanent in its character, and that papers written on the type-writer with these ribbons have the ink driven into them more deeply by the impact of the machine than though the same ink had been applied with the pen; and that on account of the ink being forced below the surface of the paper it is more difficult to remove it or reach it by chemical agents, and that in this respect it is an advantage over pen work.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Mrs. Bagley—"William, have you read that ridiculous story about Vassar College? How the girls ate one hundred thousand buckwheat cakes and ever so many pounds of beef and pork and all that?" Bagley—"Yes, I've read it, and don't believe a word of it. How could the girls exist without the necessaries of life?" "The necessaries?" "Caramels, chocolate drops and chewing gum. How preposterous."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, mends all his own clothes.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—The red onion is said to hold its flavor longer than any other variety.

—Plain Rice Pudding.—One quart of milk, eight eggs and one cup of sugar boiled together; thicken with boiled rice, put in a teacup of butter. Bake lightly. Eat with lemon sauce.—*Albany Journal.*

—A good moth powder is made of ground hops one drachm, Scotch snuff two ounces, camphor gum one ounce, black pepper one ounce, cedar sawdust four ounces; mix thoroughly and strew among the furs and woolen to be protected.

—Light rolls should always be allowed to rise longer than light bread, because, being smaller, they bake more rapidly and do not rise much after being put in the oven. To make rolls a nice color wet with milk or brush with the yelk of an egg just before putting in the oven.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Ice Cream Without Cooking.—Five pints new milk, three pints of sweet cream, two pounds of A sugar, four eggs. Do not beat sugar and eggs together, and flavor to taste. If one has a patent freezer the trouble is but a trifle, and in five minutes, or a trifle more, perhaps, the cream is done.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—Salad Dressing.—One large teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, lump of butter size of a walnut, two-thirds of a cupful of vinegar, yelks of two eggs well beaten. Stir all together thoroughly and set on stove till it thickens; stir constantly. When cold this makes a nice dressing for any kind of salad.—*Toledo Blade.*

—To Wash Silver.—It takes boiling water, which will make table silver much brighter than polishing it in other ways. Glass, on the contrary, only requires warm water in two bowls, one in which to wash it, the other to rinse in. The glasses should then be set to drain, bottom upwards, on a double cloth, then dried with a clean glass cloth.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Millions of birds are annually destroyed wantonly. Many kinds killed by sportsmen are not really game-birds, and unless the birds be protected insects will increase. The loss from insects every year is enormous, and there would be a great saving if the birds should be allowed to increase. Another destructive enemy of birds is the family cat, which usually secures nearly all the young birds that may be hatched near the farm-house.—*Philadelphia Record.*

MAKING CLOVER HAY.

Helpful Hints Concerning the Cutting, Curing and Keeping of the Crop.

Cut the clover as soon as you can see any heads turning brown. Cut at this stage the clover will make a less weight than if cut later; but it will have a greater food value, a larger part of it being digestible. As the heads ripen the percentage of woody fiber in the plant steadily increases. Cut as soon as the earliest blossoms begin to turn, it is more troublesome to cure than if cut later; but this is more than compensated for by the greater value of the second crop, whether it is cut for hay or seed. When cut at the right season and well cured the nutritive value of clover hay is fully equal to that of timothy, and is greater in many food combinations, on account of its higher albuminoid ratio. Generally clover hay is not considered as good as timothy for cattle and horses. Our experience is to the contrary, and we think careful experiments will prove that, other things being equal, clover hay is full as good for work horses even as is timothy. Moisture, while curing, damages clover more than grass. A heavy rain will often destroy one-half of its value. The dew will damage it materially, unless it is in cocks. When the growth is ordinary, and the ground quite dry, the clover may be cut late in the afternoon. It may wilt a little, but so little that the dew will not injure it. As soon as the top has dried and cured the next day, which will be before noon, turn it, and by two or three o'clock it will be ready to draw in. If the crop is heavy or the ground damp, the best plan is, to cut it from ten o'clock to noon. Turn it about two, and put it in cocks before the dew falls. These may be opened out as soon as the dew is off the next morning, and the hay housed before noon. A number of caps will be found useful, but when the crop is large it is impracticable to depend upon them for protection from rain. Our summer showers come so suddenly that it is impossible to protect a large lot.

Clover is injured by too much sun. A very hot sun is not desirable, as it "burns" the clover, making the leaves so brittle that they will break off in handling. If allowed to get too ripe before it is cut, or if cut when the dew is on, the effect is of the same nature. It will cure out not a little in the cock, and this curing is more desirable than sun-drying. The less handling necessary the better. The best weather for clover hay-making is when the sun is not very hot and the air is dry. The worst weather is—unfortunately, not uncommon—hot sun and moist atmosphere; then the hay "burns out," and sudden showers may be expected.

Clover hay will not keep in a stack, unless the stack is protected by a better material. In the West, where most of the hay is stacked, this is accomplished by putting timothy on the top. Large barracks—open sheds—are often used. These cost but little, and afford good protection. But nothing else equals a good mow; and nearly all the value of clover hay depends upon its curing and keeping.—*American Agriculturist*